

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD:

1507/664
A Scots Pastoral Comedy.

AS ORIGINALLY WRITTEN

By Allan Ramsay.

The Gentle Shepherd sat beside a spring,
All in the shade of a bushy brier;
That Golin hyght, which well could pipe and sing,
For he of Tityrus his songs did learn.

A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED.



London:

THE PERSONS.

MEN.

Sir William Worthy;

Patie, *the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy;*

Roger, *a rich young Shepherd, in love with Jenny;*

Symon and Glaud, *two old Shepherds, Tenants to
Sir William;*

Bauldy, *a Hynd, engaged with Nept.*

WOMEN.

Peggy, *thought to be Glaud's Niece;*

Jenny, *Glaud's only Daughter;*

Mause, *an old Woman, supposed to be a Witch;*

Elspa, *Symon's Wife;*

Madge, *Glaud's Sister.*

SCENE, *a Shepherd's Village and Fields some few Miles
from Edinburgh.*

Time of Action within Twenty-four Hours.

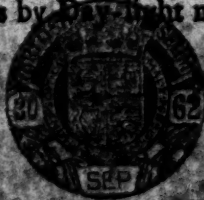
First Act begins at Eight in the Morning;

Second Act begins at Eleven in the Forenoon;

Third Act begins at Four in the Afternoon;

Fourth Act begins at Nine o'Clock at Night;

Fifth Act begins by Day-light next Morning.



THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Beneath the south side of a craigy bield,
Where chrystal springs the haleome waters yield,
Twa youthfu shepherds on the gowans lay,
Tenting their flocks ae bony morn in May.
Poor Roger granes till hollow echoes ting;
But blyther Patie likes to laugh and sing.

Patie and Roger.

SANG I. — The Wawking of the Faulds.

PATIE.

*My Peggy is a young thing, just enter'd in her teens, [gay-
Fair as the day and sweet as May, fair as the day and always
My Peggy is a young thing, an' I'm not very auld;
Yet weel I like to meet her at the wawking o' the fauld.*

*My Peggy speaks sae sweetly whane'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care, I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly; to a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow at wawking o' the fauld.*

*My Peggy smiles sae kindly whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town, that I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly, it maks me blythe an' bauld,
An' naething gies me sic delight as wawking o' the fauld.*

*My Peggy sings sae saftly whan on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest, by a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly, an' in her sangs are tald,
Wi' innocence, the wale o' sense, at wawking o' the fauld.*

THIS sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
An' puts a' nature in a jovial mood.
How hartspen is't to see the rising plants,
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!
How halefom is't to snuff the cawler air,
An' a' the sweets it bears, when void o' care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? What gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause o' thy ill season'd pain.

Roger. I'm born, O Patie, to a thrawart fate!
I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad an' great!
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan flood,
Corbies an' tods to grein for lambkins blood;
But I, oppress'd wi' never-ending grief,
Maun aye despair of lighting on relief.

Patie. The bees shall loath the flow'r an' quit the hive,
The laughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornfu' queans, or los of worldly gear,
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

Roger. Sae micht I say; but its no easy doo.
By ane whafe faul is sadly ow' o' tune:
You hae sae saft a voice an' sild a melody,
You are the darling o' baith auld an' young.

If I but cittle at a sang, or speak,
 They dit their lugs, syne up their legless cleek,
 An' jeter me hameward frae the loon or bugle,
 While I'm confus'd wi' mony a vexing thought.
 Yet I am tall, an' as well built as thee,
 Nor mair unlikely to a lass's eye.

For ilka sheep ye hae I'll number ten;
 An' shud, as ane may think, come farther ben.

Patie. But ablins, nibour, ye hae not a heart,
 An' dinna eithly wi' your cunzie part.

If that be true, what signifies your gear?

A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

Roger. My byar tumbld, nine braw nowt were smoor'd,
 Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endur'd:

In winter last my cares were very sma',

Tho' scores of wethers perisht in the snaw.

Patie. Were your bieh rooms as thinly stockt as mine,
 Less ye wad lose, and less ye wad repine.

He that has just enough can soundly sleep:

The owrcum only fashes fowk to keep.

Roger. May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,

That thou may'st thole the pangs of mony a loss!

O may'st thou doat on some fair paughty wench

That ne'er will lout thy lowan drowth to quench;

Till, briz'd beneath the burden, thou cry Dool!

An' own that ane may fret that is nae fool.

Patie. Sax gude fat lambs, I fald them ilka clute

At the Wast Port, an' bought a winsom flute,

Of plum-tree made, wi' iv'ry virles round:

A dainty whistle wi' a pleasant sound.

I'll be mair canty wi't, an' ne'er cry Dool,

Than you, wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool.

Roger. Na, *Patie*, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast;

Some ither thing lies heavier at my breast.

I dreamt a dreary dream this hinder night,

That gars my flesh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

Patie. Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence!

To ane wha you an' a' your secrets kens.

Daft are your dreams; as daftly wad ye hide

Your well-seen love and dorty Jenny's pride.

Tak courage, *Roger*, me your sorrows tell,

And safely think pane kens them but yoursel.

Roger. Indeed now, *Patie*, ye hae guess'd owr true,

An' there is naething I'll keep up frae you.

Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint:

To speak but till her I dare hardly mi it.

In ilka place she jeters me air an' late,

An' gars me look bombaz'd, an' unco blate.

But yesterday I met her yont a know,

She fled as frae a shelly-coated cow.

She Bauldy loes, Bauldy that drives the car;

But gecks at me, an' says I smell o' tar.



THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Patie. But Bauldy does not her, right weel I wat;
He sighs for Neps: sae that may stand for that.

Roger. I wish I cou'dna loe her—but in vain:
I still maun doat, an' thole her proud disdain!
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like:
E'en while he fawn'd, she strack the poor dum tyke.
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad a shawn mair kindness to my beast.
Whan I begin to tune my stock and horn,
Wi' a' her face she shaws a caulrife scorn.
Last night I play'd (ye never heard sic spite);
O'er *Boggie* was the spring, and her delyte;
Yet, tauntingly, she at her cusin spier'd
Gif she cud tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd.—
Flocks, wander whare ye like, I dinna care,
I'll brack my reed, and never whistle mair.

Patie. E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help missluck,
Saebeins she's sic a thrawn-gabbit chuck.
Yonder's a craig, since ye hae tint a' hope,
Gae till't your ways, an' tak the lover's lowp.

Roger. I needna mak sic speed my blood to spill,
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

Patie. Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whining way;
Seem careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my lass I love as weel
As ye do Jenny, an' wi' heart as leel:
Last morning I was gay an' early out;
Upon a dyke I lean'd, glowring about.
I saw my Meg come linkan o'er the lee;
I saw my Meg, but Peggy sawna me;
For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
An' she was close upo' me ere she wist.
Her coats were kiltit, an' did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snaw;
Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,
Her haffet-locks hung waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks sae ruddy, an' her een sae clear!
An' O, her mouth's like ony hinny pear!
Neat, neat she was in bustine-waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
Blythsom, I cry'd, My bonny Meg, come here.
I ferly wharfore ye're sae soon asteer!
But I can guess:—ye're gawn to gather dew.—
She scour'd awa', an' said, What's that to you?
Then fare ye weel, Meg Dorts, an' e'en's ye like,
I careless cry'd, an' lap in owr the dyke.—
I trow, whan that she saw, within a crack,
She came with a right thieveless errand back;
Mistak'd me first, then bade me bound my dog,
To wear up three waff ewes stray'd on the bog.
I leugh, an' sae did she; then, wi' great haste,
I clasp'd my arms about her neck an' waist;

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

About her yielding waist, an' took afooth
 O' sweetest kisses frae her growing mouth.
 While hard an' fast I held her in my grips,
 My very saul came lowping to my lips.
 Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack :
 But weel I kend she meantna as she spak.—
 Dear Roger, whan your jo puts on her gloom,
 Do you sae too, an' never fash your thumb ;
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood :
 Gae woo anither, an' she'll gang clean wood.

SANG II. Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae,

*Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 An' answer kindness wi' a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
 For women in a man delight :
 But them despise wha're soon defate,
 An' wi' a simple face gie way
 To a repulse ; then binna blate,
 Push bauldiy on an' win the day.*

*Whan maidens, innocently young,
 Say, often what they never mean,
 Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
 But tent the language o' their een !
 If these agree, an' she persist
 To answer a' your love wi' hate,
 Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
 An' let her sigh when 'tis too late.*

Roger. Kind Patie, now fairfa your honest heart,
 Ye're ay sae cadgy, an' hae sic an art
 To hearten ane ; for now, as clean's a leek,
 Ye've cherish'd me since ye began to speak.
 So, for your pains, I'll mak you a propine,
 (My mither, rest her saul ! she made it fine)
 A tartan plaid, spun of good haslock woo',
 Scarlet and green the sets, the borders blue ;
 Wi' sprains like gowd an' filler cross'd wi' black ;
 I never had it yet upo' my back.

Weel are ye wordy o'r, who hae sae kind
 Red up my ravel'd doubts, an' clear'd my mind.

Patie. Weel, hadd ye there ; an' since ye've frankly made
 To me a present o' your bra new plaid,
 My flute's be yours ; an' lie too that's sae nice,
 Shall come a-will, gif ye'll tak my advice.

Roger. As ye advise I'll promise to observe't ;
 But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserve't.
 Now tak it out, and gie's a bony spring ;
 For I'm in tist to hear you play an' sing.

Patie. But first we'll tak a turn up to the height,
 An' see gif a' our flocks be feeding right ;
 By that time bannocks an' a shave o' cheese
 Will mak a breakfast that a laird might please ;

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae wise
To season meat wi' health, instead o' spice.
Whan we hae tane the grace-drink at this well,
I'll whistle fine, an' sing t'ye like mysel.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

A flow'ry howm, between twa verdant braes,
Where lassies use to wash an' spread their claths;
A trotting burnie wimpling throw the ground,
Its channel pebbles, shining, smooth, and round.
Here view twa barefoot beauties clean an' clear:
First please your eye, then gratifie your ear:
While Jenny what she wishes discommends;
An' Meg, wi' better sense, true love defends.

Peggy and Jenny.

Jenny. Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upo' this green,
The shining day will bleach our linen clean:
The water's clear, the list unclouded blue,
Will mak them, like a lily, wet wi' dew.

Peggy. Gae farther up the burn to Habby's How,
Whare a' that's sweet in spring an' simmer grow.
Between twa birks, outowr a little lin,
The water fa's, an' maks a singin din:
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses, wi' easy whirls, the bord'ring grass.
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
An' whan the day grows het, we'll t' the pool;
There wash oursel: 'tis healthfu' now in May,
An' sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

Jenny. Daft lassie! whan we're naked, what'll ye say
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae
An' see us sae? That jeering fellow, Pate,
Wad, taunting, say,—Haith, lassies, ye're nae blate.

Peggy. We're far frae ony road, an' out o' sight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.
But tell me now, dear Jenny, we're our lane,
What gars you plague your wooer wi' disdain?
The nibours a' tent this, as weel as I,
That Roger loes you, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.

Jenny. I dinna like him, Peggy: there's an end:
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kaims his hair indeed, an' gaes right snug,
Wi' ribbon-knots at his blue-bonnet-lug,
Whilk, pensily, he wears a thought a-jee;
An' spreads his garters, dic't, beneath his knee;
He faulds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care:
An' few gang trigger to the kirk or fair:
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except *How d'ye?* or, *There's a bony day.*

Peggy. Ye dast the lad wi' constant slighting pride:
Hatred for love is unco fair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow could!
What like's a dorty maiden whan she's auld?

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
That for some feckless whim will orp an' greet;
The lave laugh at it till the dinner's past,
An' syne the fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or scart anither's leavings at the last.

SANG III. — Polwart on the Green.

*The dorty will repent if lover's heart grow could;
An' nane her smiles will tent, soon as her face looks auld.
The dawted bairn thus tak the pet, nor eats tho' hunger craves,
Whimpers an' tarrows at its meat, an' laught at by the lave.
They jest it till the dinner's past, thus, by isel abus'd,
The fool thing is oblig'd to fast, or eat what they've refus'd.*

Fy, Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.

Jenny. I never thought a single life a crime.

Peggy. Nor I——but love in whispers lets us ken
That men were made for us, and we for men.

Jenny. If Roger is my jo, he kens himsel,
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.

He glowrs an' sighs, an' I can guess the cause;
But wha's oblig'd to spell his hums an' haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.

They're fools that slav'ry like, an' may be free;
The chiefs may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peggy. Be doing your ways; for me I have a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

Jenny. Hegh, lass! how can you lbe that rattleskull?
A very deil, that ay maun-hae his will.

We'll soon hear tell what a poor feichtin life
You twa will lead sae soon's ye're man and wife!

Peggy. I'll rin the risk, nor hae I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year
Till I wi' pleasure mount my bridal bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head;
There we may kiss as lang as kissing's gude,
An' what we do, there's nane dare ca' it rude:
He's get his will: why not; 'tis gude my part
To gie him that, an' he'll gie me his heart.

Jenny. He may indeed for ten or fifteen days
Mak meikle o'ye, wi' an unco fraise,
An' daur ye, baith afore fowk an' your lane;
But soon as his newfangelness is gane,
He'll look upo' you as his tether-stake,
An' think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then of lang days of sweet delyte,
Ae day be dumb, an' a' the neist he'll flyte:
An' maybe, in his bairlikhoods, ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

SANG IV. — O dear Mother, what shall I do!

*O dear Peggy, love's beguiling,
We ought not to trust to smiling:
Better far to do as I do,
Lest a harder luck betide you.*

*Lasses, when their fancy's carry'd,
Think of nought but to be marry'd:
Running to a life destroys
Hearsome, free, an' youths' joys.*

Peggy. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to move—
My feat'd mind, I'm o'er far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath:
But want o' him I'dreed nae other skaith.
There's nane o' a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een:
An' then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,
His words they thirl like music throw my heart.
How blythely can he sport, an' gently rave,
An' jest at little fears that fright the lave!
Ilk day that he's alane upo' the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.
He is—but what need I say that or this,
I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!
In a' he says or does there's sic a gait,
The rest seem coofs compar'd wi' my dear Pate.
His better sense will lang his love secure:
Ill-nature hefts in sauls that's weak an' poor.

SANG V. — How can I be sad on my Wedding-day!

*How shall I be sad when a husband I hae
That has better sense than any of thae
Sour, weak, silly fellows, that study, like fools,
To sink their ain joy, an' mak their wives snools!
The man who is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,
Or wi' dull reproaches encourages strife;
He praises her virtue, an' ne'er will abuse
Her for a sma' failing, but find an excuse.*

Jenny. Hey, Bony Lass of Branksome, or't be lang,
Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
O it's a pleasant thing to be a bride;
Syne whinging geets about your ingle-side,
Yelping for this or that wi' fashous din.
To mak them claihs then ye maun toil an' spin.
Ae wean fa's sick, an' scads itel wi' broe,
Ane braks his shin, anither tines his shoe.
The Deel gaes o'er Jock Wabster; hame grows hell;
When Pate misca's ye war than tongue can tell.

Peggy. Yes, it's a heartsoom thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rise.

Gif I'm sae happy, I shall hae delight
 To hear their little plaints, an' keep them right.
 Wow, Jenny, can there greater pleasure be
 Than see sic wee tots toolzying at your knee;
 Whan a' they ettle at, their greatest wish,
 Is to be made of, an' obtain a kifs?

Can there be toil in tenting day an' night
 The like o' them, whan love maks care delight?

Jenny. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst of a',
 Gif o'er your heads ill chance shou'd begg'ry draw:
 There's little love or canty cheer can come
 Frae duddy doublets an' a pantry toom.
 Your noivt may die—the spate may bear away
 Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks of hay—
 The thick-blawn wreaths o' snaw, or blashy thows,
 May smoor your wethers, and may rot your ewe.
 A dyvor buys your butter, woo', an' cheese,
 But on the day o' payment braks an' flees;
 Wi' gloomin brow the laird seeks in his rent:
 'Tis no to gie; your merchant's to the bent.
 His Honour manna want, he pouds your gear:
 Syne, driven frae house an' hald, where will ye steer?
 Dear Meg be wise, an' lead a single life;
 Troth, it's nae mows to be a marry'd wife.

Peggy. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
 Wha has sic fears; for that was never me:
 Let fowk bode weel, an' strive to do their best;
 Nae mair's requir'd: let Heav'n mak out the rest.
 I've heard my honest uncle aften say,
 That lads shou'd a' for wives that's vertuous pray:
 For the maist thrifty man cou'd never get
 A well-flor'd room, unless his wife wad let:
 Wherefore nocht fall be want'ing on my part
 To gather walth to raise my shepherd's heart.
 Whate'er he wins I'll guide wi' canny care,
 An' win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
 For halesome, clean, cheap, an' sufficient ware.
 A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, an' some woo',
 Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due;
 Syne behind's our ain;—thus, without fear,
 Wi' love an' rowth we throw the warld will steer;
 An' whan my Pate in bairns an' gear grows rife,
 He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

Jenny. But what if some young giglit on the green,
 Wi' dimpl'd cheeks an' twa bewitching een,
 Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg
 An' her kend kiffes, hardly worth a seg?

Peggy. Nae mair of that. Dear Jenny, to be free,
 There's some men constanter in love than we:
 Nor is the ferly great, whan nature kind
 Has blest them wi' solidity of mind.

They'll

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

They'll reason caumly, an' wi' kindness smile,
 Whan our short passions wad our peace beguile :
 Sae, whanfoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
 'Tis ten to ane their wives are maist to blame.
 Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
 To keep him cheerfu', an' secure his heart.
 At e'en, whan he comes weary frae the hill,
 I'll hae a' things made ready to his will.
 In winter, whan he toils throw wind an' rain,
 A bleezing ingle, an' a clean hearth-stane :
 An' soon as he flings by his plaid an' staff,
 The seething pot's be ready to tak aff.
 Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upo' his board,
 An' serve him wi' the best we can afford.
 Good-humour an' white bigonets shall be
 Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

Jenny. A dish o' marry'd love right soon grows cauld,
 An' dozens down to nane, as fowk grow auld.

Peggy. But we'll grow auld together, an' ne'er find
 The loss o' youth, whan love grows on the mind.
 Bairns an' their bairns mak sure a firmer tye
 Than aught in love the like of us can spy.—
 See yon twa elms that grow up side by side ;
 Suppose them some years syne bridegroom an' bride :
 Nearer an' nearer ilka year thy've prest,
 Till wide their spreading branches are increas'd,
 An' in their mixture now are fully blest.
 This shields the other frae the eastin blast ;
 That, in return, defends it frae the wast.
 Sic as stand single (a state sae lik'd by you !)
 Beneath ilk storm frae ev'ry airth maun bow. —

Jenny. I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun yield ;
 Your better sense has fairly won the field,
 Wi' the assistance of a little fae,
 Lies tharn'd within my breast this mony a day.

SANG VI. — Nancy's to the Green Wood gane.

*I yield, dear lassie, ye hae won, an' there is nae denying, [ing:
 That sure as light flows frae the sun, frae love proceeds comply-
 For a' that we can do or say 'gainst u' we, nae thinker heeds us ;
 They ken our bosoms lodge the fae that by the heart-strings leads us.*

Peggy. Alack ! poor pris'ner !—*Jenny,* that's nae fair,
 That ye'll not let the wee thing tak the air :
 Haste, let him out, we'll tent as weel's we can,
 Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

Jenny. Anither time's as gude ; for, see, the sun
 Is right far up, an' we're no yet begun
 To freath the graith : if canker'd Madge, our aunt,
 Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant.
 But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind ;
 For this seems true, nae lass can be unkind.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A snug thack-house; before the door a green;
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.
On this side stands a barn, on that a byer;
A peet-stack joins, an' forms a rural square.
The house is Gland's---there you may see him lean,
An' to his divet-seat invite his friend.

Gland and Simon.

Gland. Good-morrow, nibour Symon. Come sit down,
An' gie's your cracks. What's a' the news in town?
They tell me ye was in the ither day,
An' sald your Crummock, an' her bassend quey.
I'll warrant ye've coft a pund o' cut an' dry:
Lug out your box, an' gie's a pipe to try.

Symon. Wi' a' my heart;---an' tent me now, auld boy,
I've gather'd news will kittle your mind wi' joy.
I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the burn,
To tell ye things hae taken sic a turn,
Will gar our vile oppressors stend like fleas,
And skulk in hidlings on the hether-braes.

Gland. Ey blaw!--Ah, Symmie, rattling chiels ne'er stand
To cleck an' spread the grossest lies aff-hand,
Whilk soon flies round like will-fire, far an' near;
But loose your poke; be't true or fause, let's hear.

Symon. Seeing's believing, Gland; and I hae seen
Hab, that abroad has wi' our Master been;
Our brave gude maister, wha right wisely fled,
An' left a fair estate to save his head,
Because ye ken fou weel, he bravely chose
To stand his liege's friend wi' great Montrose.
Now Cromwell gane to Nick, an' ane ca'd Monk,
Has play'd the Rump a right sleet begunk;
Restor'd king Charles, an' ilka thing's in tune;
An' Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon!

Gland. That maks me blyth indeed; but dinna flaw;
Tell o'er your news again, an' swear til't a'.---
An' saw ye Hab? an' what did Halbert say?
They hae been e'en a dreary time away.
Now God be thanked that our laird's come hame!
An' his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

Symon. They that hag-rid us till our guts did grane,
Like greedy bairs, dare nae mair do't again;
An' good Sir William shall enjoy his ain.

SANG VII. --- Cald Kale in Aberdeen.

*Could be the rebels cast, oppressors base an' bloody;
I hope we'll see them at the last strung up a' in a woody,
Blest be he of worth an' sense, an' ever high in station,
That bravely stands in the defence of conscience, king, and nation.*

Gland. An' may he lang; for never did he stent
Us in our thriving wi' a racket rent;
Nor grumbl'd if aye grew rich, or shor'd to raise
Our mailens when we pat on Sunday's claihs.

Symon.

Symon. Nor wad he lang, wi' senseless saucy air,
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

"Put on your bonnet, Symon—tak a seat—

"How's a' at hame?—How's Elspa?—How does Kate?—

"How sells black cattle?—What gies woo' this year?"—
An' sic like kindly questions wad he spier.

SANG VIII. Mucking of Geordy's Byer.

The laird wha in riches an' honour wad thrive, shou'd be kindly an' free,

Nor rack his poor tenants who labour to rise aboon poverty:

Else, like the pack-horse that's unfolther'd an' burthen'd, will tumble down faint:

Thus virtue by hardship is smother'd, an' rackers aft time lose their rent.

Gland. Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen

The nappy bottle ben, an' glasss clean,

Whilk in our breast rais'd sic a blythsome flame

As gar'd me mony a time gae dancing hame,

My heart's e'en rais'd!—Dear nibour, will ye stay,

An' tak your dinner here wi' me the day?

We'll mend for Elspa too—an' upo' sight,

I'll whistle Pate an' Roger frae the height.

I'll yoke my sled, an' send to the neist town,

An' bring a draught of ale baith stout an' brown,

An' gar our cottars a' man, wife, an' wean,

Drink till they tine the gate to stand their lane.

Symon. I wadna bauk my friend his blyth design,

Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine;

For here-yestreen I brew'd a bow o' maut;

Yestreen I slew twa wethers prime an' fat;

A firlet o' gude cakes my Elspa beuk,

An' a large ham hangs reestling in the nook.

I saw mysel, ere I came o'er the lon,

Our meikle pot that scads the whey, put on,

A mutton-bouk to boil;—an' ane we'll roast;

An' on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost.

Sma' are they shorn; an' the can mix fou mice

The gusty ingans wi' a-curn o' spice:

Fat are the puddings; head an' feet well sung:

An' we've invited nibours, auld an' young,

To pass this afternoon wi' glee an' game,

An' drink our maister's health an' welcome hame.

Ye manna then refuse to join the rest,

Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best.

Bring wi' ye a' your family, an' then,

Whene'er you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Gland. Spoke like yersel, auld birky; never fear

But at your banquet I shall first appear.

Faith, we shall bend the bicker, an' look bauld,

Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.

Auld, said I!—Troth, I'm younger be a score

Wi' this good news than what I was before.

I'll dance or e'en!—Hey, Madge, come forth, d'ye hear?

Enter Madge.

Madge. The man's gane gyte!—Dear Symon, welcome
What wad ye, Glaud, wi' a' this haste an' din? [here.—
Ye never let a body sit to spin.

Glaud. Spin! snuff!—Gae brak your wheel, an' burn
An' set the meikleft peet-stack in a low:
your tow,

Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye die,
Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

Madge. Blyth news indeed—An' wha was't told you o't?

Glaud. What's that to you?—gae get my Sunday's coat;
Wale out the whitest o' my bobit bands;
My whyt skin hose, an' mittans for my hands;
Then frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,
An' mak yersels as trig, head, feet, an' waist,
As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;
For we're gawn owr to dine wi' Sym bedeen.

Symon. Do, honest Madge—an', Glaud, I'll owr the gair,
An' see that a' be done as I wad hae't. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The open field—a cottage in a glen,
An auld wife spinning at the sunny en.—
At a sma' distance, by a blasted tree,
Wi' falded arms, an' half-rai'd looks, ye see

Bauldy his lane.

Bauldy. What's this!—I canna bear't! 'tis war than
To be fac burnt wi' love, yet-darna tell!
O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,
Sweeter than gowany glens or new-mawn hay;
Blyther than lambs that frisk outowr the knows,
Straighter than aught that on the forest grows:
Her een the clearest blob of dew outshines;
The lily in her breast its beauty tines.
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,
Will be my deid, that will be shortly seen!
For Pate loes her—waes me! an' she loes Pate;
An' I with Neps, by some unlucky fate,
Made a daft vow!—O! but ane be a beast
That maks rash aiths till he's afore the priest.
I darna speak my mind, else a' the three,
'Thout doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy:
'Tis fair to thole.—I'll try some witchcraft art
To brak wi' ane, an' win the other's heart.
Here Maufy lives, a witch, that for sma' price
Can cast her cantrips, an' gie me advice.
She can owrcast the night, an' cloud the moon,
An' mak the deils obedient to her crune.
At midnight hours, owr the kirk-yards she raves,
An' howks uncristen'd weans out o' their graves;
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow;
Rins withershins about the hemlock low;

An'

An' seven times does her prayers backward pray,
 Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps of Lapland clay,
 Mixt wi' the venom of black taid's an' snakes.
 Of this, unsonfy pictures aft she makes
 Of ony ane she hates;—an' gars expire
 Wi' slow an' racking pains afore a fire,
 Stuck fou o' preens; the dev'lish pictures melt,
 The pain by fowk they represent is felt.
 An' yonder's Maufe:—Ay, ay, she kens fou weel
 When ane like me comes rinnin' to the Deil.
 She an' her cat sit beeking in her yard.
 To speak my errand, faith, amais't I'm fear'd:
 But I maun do't, tho' I shud never thrive:
 They gallop fast that deils an' lasses drive.

[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

*A green kail-yard, a little fount, where water popling springs
 There sits a wife wi' wrinkl' front, an' dyet she spins an' sings.*

SANG IX. — Carle, an' the King come.

*Maufe. Peggy, now the king's come; Peggy, now the king's
 come:*

*Thou may dance, an' I sall sing, Peggy, since the king's come.
 Nae mair the hawkies sall thou milk, but change thy plaiden-
 coat for silk,*

An' be a lady of that ilk, now, Peggy, since the king's come.

Enter Bauldy.

*Bauldy. How does auld honest lucky o' the glen?
 Ye look baith hale an' feir at threescore ten.*

*Maufe. E'en twining out a thread wi' little din,
 An' beeking my cauld limbs afore the sun,
 What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn?
 Is there nae muck to lead;—to thresh, nae corn?*

*Bauldy. Enough o' baith: but something that requires
 Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares.*

*Maufe. My helping hand, alack! what can I do,
 That underneath baith eild an' poortith bow?*

*Bauldy. Ay, but you're wise, an' wiser far than we,
 Or maist part o' the parish tells a lie.*

*Maufe. Of what kind wisdom think ye I'm posses't,
 That lifts my character aboon the rest?*

*Bauldy. The word that gangs how ye're sae wise an' fell,
 Ye'll maybe tak it ill-gif I shou'd tell.
 Well vers'd in herbs an' seasons o' the moon.
 By skilfu' charms its kent what ye have done.*

*Maufe. What fowk say of me, Bauldy, let me hear;
 Keep naithing up, ye naithing hae to fear.*

*Bauldy. Weel, since ye bid me, I sall tell you a'
 That ilkane talks about you, but a flaw.
 Whan last the wind made Glaud a roofless barn;
 Whan last the burn bare down my mither's yarn;
 Whan Brawny, elf-shot, never mair came hame;
 Whan Tibby kirk'd, an' there nae butter came;*

Whan Bessy Fretlock's chuffy-checked wean
 To a fairy turn'd, an' cou'dna stand its laue;
 Whan Wattie wander'd ae night thro' the shaw,
 An' tint himsel' amang the snaw;
 Whan Mungo's mare stood still, and swat wi' fright,
 Whan he brought east the howdy under night;
 Whan Bawfy, shot a-dead upo' the green,
 An' Sarah tint a snood, was nae mair seen,
 You, lucky, gat the wyte o' a' fell out,
 An' ilkane here a' dreads ye round about;
 An' sae they may that mean to do ye skaith;
 For me to wrang ye, I'd be very laith;
 But whan I neist mak grots, I'll strive to please
 You wi' a furler o' them, mixt wi' pease.

Maufe. I thank ye, lad—now tell me your demand,
 An', if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

Bauldy. Then, I like Peggy; Neps is fond of me—
 Peggy likes Pate; an' Patie's bau'd an' flee,
 An' loes sweet Meg; but Neps I dinna see.
 Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, an' then
 Peggy's to me, I'd be the happiest man.

Maufe. I'll try my art to gar the bowls row right;
 Sae gang your wa's, an' come again at night;
 'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare,
 Worth a' your pease and grots: take ye nae care.

Bauldy. Well, Maufe, I'll come, gif I the road can find;
 But if ye raise the Deil, he'll raise the wind;
 Syne rain an' thunder, maybe, whan 'tis late,
 Will mak the night sae mirk, I'll tine the gare.
 We're a' to rant in Symmie's at a feast;
 O will ye come like badrans, for a jest;
 An' there ye can our different haviours spy;
 There's nane shall ken o'r there but you an' I.

Maufe. 'Tis like I may; but letna on what's past
 'Tween you an' me, else fear a kittle cast.

Bauldy. If I aught o' your secrets e'er advance,
 May ye ride on me ilka night to France. *[Exit Bauldy.]*

Maufe. *[her lane.]* Hard luck, alack! whan poverty an' eild
 (Weeds out o' fashion) an' a lonely beild,
 Wi' a sima' cast o' wiles, shou'd, in a twitch,
 Gie me the hatefu' name of *wrink'd witch!*
 This fool imagines, as do mony sic,
 That I am a witch, in compact wi' Auld Nick,
 Because by education I was taught
 To speak an' act aboon their common thought.
 Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear;
 Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
 Now since the royal Charles an' right's restor'd,
 A shepherdess is daughter to a lord.
 The bony fowdlin' thar's brought up by Glau'd,
 Wha has an uncle's care on her bestow'd,

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

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Her infant life I sav'd when a false friend
Bow'd to th' Usurper, an' her death design'd,
To 'stablish him an' his in a' these plains,
That by right heritage to her pertains.
She's now in her sweet bloom, has blood an' charms
Of too much value for a shepherd's arms.
Nane kens't but me:—an' if the morn were come,
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

SCENE IV.

Betwixt a tree, upo' the plain, Patie an' his Peggy meet:
In low-voiced mutter, about a vicious stain, the bony lass an' cheerfu' swain
Change vows an' kisses sweet.

Patie and Peggy.

Peggy. O Patie, let me gang, I mauna stay;
We're baith cry'd hame, an' Jenny she's away.

Patie. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
And Roger he's awa' with Jenny gane.
They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
To be alane themselves, I judge, as we.
Here, whare primroses t'kest paint the green,
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.

Hark how the laverocks chant aboon our heads!
How fast the westlin winds sigh through the reeds!

Peggy. The scene! I meadows, birds, an' healthy breeze,
For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

Patie. Ye wrang me fair, to doubt my being kind;
In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull an' blind,
Gif I could fancy aught sae sweet or fair
As my sweet Meg, or worthy o' my care!
Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest brier,
Thy cheek an' breast the finest flow'rs appear;
Thy words excel the mairt delightfu' notes
That warble thro' the merle or mavis' throtes.
Wi' thee I tent nae flow'rs that busk the field,
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield.
The sweetest fruits that hing upo' the tree,
Are far inferior to a kiss of thee.

Peggy. But Patrick, for some wicked end, may fleech;
And lambs shou'd tremble whan the foxes preach.
I darna stay. — Ye joker, let me gang.
Anither lass may gar ye change your sang;
Your thoughts may flit, an' I may thole the wrang.

Patie. Sooner a mither shall her fondness drap,
An' wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap;
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall cease,
The geets to clim, the sheep to yield the fleece,
Ere aught by me be either said or doon,
Shall skaith our love. I swear by all aboon.

Peggy. Then keep your aith, but mony lads will swear,
An' be mansworn to twa in haff a year.

Now

Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;
But if anither lass your heart shou'd steal,
Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate
How she was daunted anes by faithless Pate.

Patie. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear;
Tho' we're but young, I loe'd you mony a year.
I mind it weel, whan thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lisp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang
Of a' the bairns, an' led thee by the hand
Aft to the tansy-know, or rashy strand,
You smiling by my side—I took delight
To pu' the rashes green, wi' roots sae white;
Of which, as weel as my young-fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flow'ry belt an' smood.

Peggy. Whan first thou gade wi' shepherds to the hill,
An' I to milk the ews first try'd my skill,
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,
Whan at the bught at e'en I met wi' thee.

SANG X. — The Yellow-Hair'd Ladie.

Peggy. Whan first my dear ladie gade to the green hill,
An' I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,
Whan I at the bughting foregather'd wi' thee.

Patie. Whan corn-rigs wav'd yellow, an' blue hether-bells
Bloom'd bony on muirland an' sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

Peggy. Whan thou ran, or wrestl'd, or putted the stane,
An' came off the victor, my heart was ay fain;
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

Patie. Our Jenny sings saftly the Cowden Broom-knows
An' Rosie liltis sweetly the Milking the Ewes,
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nancy can sing;
At Throw the Wood Ladie, Bess gars our lugs ring;
But whan my dear Peggy sings, wi' better skill,
The Boatman, Tweed Side, or the Lass o' the Mill,
'Tis mony times sweeter an' pleasing to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they canna like thee.

Peggy. How easy can lasses throw what they desire?
An' praises sae kindly increases loves's fire;
Gie me still this pleasure, my study shall be
To mak mysel better an' sweeter for thee.

Patie. Wert thou a giglit gawky, like the lave,
That little better than our nowt behave;
At naught they'll ferly,—senseless tales believe,
Be blyth for silly hechts, for trifles grieve—

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how
 Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true.
 But you in better sense, without a flaw,
 As in thy beauty, far excels them a'.
 Continue kind, an' a' my care shall be
 How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peggy. Agreed.—But hearken, yon's auld aunty's cry:
 I ken they'll wonder what can mak us stay.

Patie. An' let them ferly,—now a kindly kist,
 Or fivescore gude anes wadna be amiss;
 An' syne we'll sing the sang wi' tunefu' glee,
 That I made up last owk on you an' me.

Peggy. Sing first, syne claim your hire—

Patie.——Well, I agree,

SANG XI.

Patie. *By the delicious warmth of thy mouth
 An' roving eye that, smiling, tells the truth,
 I guess, my lassie, that, as well as I,
 Ye're made for love, an' why shou'd ye deny?*

Peggy. *But ken ye, lad, gif we consels o'er soon,
 Ye think us cheap, an' syne the wooing's doon:
 The maiden that o'er quickly tynes her pow'r,
 Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard an' sour.*

Patie. *But gin they hing o'er lang upo' the tree,
 Their sweetness they may tine, an' sae may ye.
 Red-cheeked, ye completely ripe appear,
 An' I hae thol'd an' woo'd a lang half-year.*

Peggy. *Then dinna pow me; gently thus I fa'
 Into my Patie's arms for gude an' a';
 But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,
 An' mint nae farther till we've got the grace.*

Patie. *O charming armsfu', hence, ye cares, away;
 I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day;
 A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
 Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.*

Both. *Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
 Gang soon to bed, an' quickly rise;
 O lash your steeds, post time away,
 An' haste about our bridal-day;
 An', if you're weary'd, honest light,
 Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Now turn your een beyond yon spreading lyme,
 An' tent a man whose beard seems bleech'd wi' time;
 An elvan fills his hand; his habit mean;
 Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been:
 But whisht, it is the knight in masquerade,
 That comes hid in this cloud to see his lad.
 Observe how pleas'd the loyal suitor moves
 Throw his auld av'news, anes delightfu' groves.

Sir William solus.

THE gentleman thus hid in low disguise,
 I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes
 With a full view of ev'ry fertile plain,
 Which once I lost; which now are mine again.
 Yet, 'midst my joys, some prospects pain renew,
 Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.
 Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands
 Without a roof, the gates fall'n from their bands;
 The casements all broke down, no chimney left;
 The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft.
 My stables and pavilions, broken walls!
 That with each rainy blast decaying falls:
 My gardens once adorn'd the most complete
 With all that nature, all that art makes sweet;
 Where round the figur'd green and pebble walks
 The dewy flow'rs hung nodding on their stalks:
 But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,
 No jaccacincths or eglantines appear.
 How fail'd and broke's the rising ample shade,
 Where peach and nest'rine-trees their branches spread,
 Basking in rays, and early did produce
 Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use;
 All round in gaps, the walls in rubbish lie,
 And, from what stands, the wither'd branches fly.

These soon shall be repair'd;—and now my joy
 Forbids all grief,—when I'm to see my BOY,
 My only prop, and object of my care,
 Since Heav'n too soon call'd home his mother fair:
 Him, ere the rays of reason clear'd his thought,
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought,
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his birth
 Till we should see what changing times brought forth.
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,
 And ranges, careless, o'er the height and lawn,
 After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,
 With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.
 Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free,
 Remov'd from crowns and courts, how cheerfully
 A calm contented mortal spends his time
 In hearty health, his soul unstain'd with crime.

SANG XII. — Happy Clown.

*Hid from himself, now by the dawn
 He starts as fresh as roses blown,*

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

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*After his bleating flocks.
Healthful, and innocently gay,
He chants and whistles out the day,
Untaught to smile, and then betray,
Like courtly weathercocks.
Life happy, from ambition free,
Envy and vile hypocrisie,
When truth and love with joy agree,
Unsulld with a crime:
Unmurd'rd with what disturbs the great,
In propping up their pride and state,
He lives; and, unafraid of fate,
Contented spends his time.*

Now tow'rs good Symon's house I'll bend my way,
And see what makes yon gamboling to-day.
All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,
My youthful tenants gayly dance and sing. [*Exit Sir William.*]

SCENE II.

*'Tis Symon's house, please to step in,
And viddy't round an' round,
There's nought superfluous to gie pain,
Or costly to be found,
Yet a' is clean: a clear peat-ingle
Glances midst the floor;
The green horn-spoons, beech laggies, ming'
On skells foregaist the door.
While the young brood sport on the green,
The auld anes think it best
Wi' the brown cow to clear their een,
Snuff, crack, an' tak their rest.*

Symon, Glaud, and Elpsa.

Glaud. We anes were young oursel. — I like to see
The bairns bob round wi' other merrylic.
Troth, Symon, Patie grows a strappan lad;
An' better looks than his I never bade.
Amang our lads he bears the gree awa'
An' tells his tale the cleverest o' them a'.

Elpsa. Poor man! — he's a great comfort to us baith;
God mak him gude, and hide him ay frae skaith!
He is a bairn, I'll say't, well worth our care,
Thar gae us ne'er vexation late or air.

Glaud. I trow, gudewife, if I be not mistane,
He seems to be with Peggy's beauty tane;
An' troth, my niece is a right dainty wean,
As ye well ken; a bonnyer needna be,
Nor better, — be't she were nae kin to me.

Symon. Ha, Glaud! I doubt that ne'er will be a match,
My Patie's wild, an' will be ill to catch;
An' or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools mysel.

Glaud. What reason can ye hae? there's nane I'm sure,
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:
But gif the lassie marry to my mind,
I'll be to her, as my ain Jenny, kind.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Fourscore o' breeding ewes o' my ain birn,
 Five ky that at ae milking fill a kirn,
 I'll gie to Peggy that day she's a bride,
 By an' attour, if my gude luck abide,
 Ten lambs at spaining time, as lang's I live,
 An' twa quey cawfs I'll yearly to them give.

Elspa. Ye offer fair, kind Glaud, but diana spier
 What maybe is na fit ye yet shou'd hear.

Symon. Or this day-aght-days likely he shall learn
 That our denial disna slight his bairn.

Glaud. Weel; nae mair o't.—Come, gie's the other bend;
 Weell drink their healths, whatever way it end.

[Their healths gae round.]

Symon. But will ye tell me, Glaud?—By some 'tis said,
 Your niece is but a fundling, that was laid
 Down at yon hallon side, ae morn in May,
 Right clean row'd up, an' bedded on dry hay.

Glaud. That clatteran Madge, my titty, tells sic flaves
 Whene'er our Meg her canker humour gaws!

Enter Jenny.

Jenny. O father, there's an auld man o' the green,
 The fellest fortune-teller e'er was seen:
 He tents our loofs, an' syne whups out a book,
 Turns o'er the leaves, an' gies our brows a look:
 Syne tells the oddest tales that e'er ye heard.
 His head is grey, an' lang an' grey his beard.

Symon. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say;
 Nane shall gang hungry by my house this day. *[Exit Jenny.]*
 But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear,
 He kens nae mair o' that than my grey mare.

Glaud. Spaemen! The truth o' a' their saws I doubt;
 For greater liars never ran thereout.

Returns Jenny, bringing Sir William. With them Patie.

Symon. Ye're welcome, honest carle—here, tak a seat.

Sir Will. I gie you thanks, gudeman, I'll no be blate.

Glaud. *(drinks)* Comet' ye, friend—How far cam ye the day?

Sir Will. I pledge ye, nibour—e'en but little way:

Rousted with eild, a wee piece gae seems lang;

Twa miles or three's the maist that I now gang.

Symon. Ye're welcome here to stay a' night wi' me,
 An' tak sic bed an' board as we can gie.

Sir Will. That's kind unfought. Well, gin ye hae a bairn
 That ye like well, an' wad his fortune learn,
 I sall employ the farthest o' my skill
 To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon. *(pointing to Patie)* Only that lad—alack! I hae
 Either to mak me joyfu' now or wae.

Sir Will. Young man, let's see your hand—what gars ye
 Inter?

Patie. Because your skill's but little worth, I fear.

Sir Wil. Ye cut before the point. But, billy, bide;
I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

Elspa. Beteech us-to! an' weel I wat that's true!
Awa, awa, the Deil's owr gryt wi' you.
Fout inch aneath his oxter is the mark;
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a sark.

Sir Will. I'll tell ye mair: — If this young lad be spar'd
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

Elspa. A laird! Hear ye, gudeman? What think ye now?

Symon. I dinna ken. Strange auld man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your heart; 'tis gude to bode o' wealth.
Come, turn the timmer to Laird-Patie's health.

[Patie's health gaes round.]

Patie. A laird o' rwa gude whistles an' a kent,
Twa curs (my trusty tenants o' the bent)
Is a' my great estate — an' like to be.
Sae, cunning carle, nê'er brak your jokes on me.

Symon. Whisht, Patie, let the man look o'er your hand:
Aft times as broken a ship has come to land.

*[Sir William looks a little at Patie's hand, then counter-
feits falling into a trance; while they endeavour to
lay him right.]*

Elspa. Preserve's! the man's a warlock! or posselt
Wi' some nae gude, or second-sight at least!
Whare is he now?

Gland. He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka place beneath or yont the moon.

Elspa. Thae second-sighted fowks (his peace be here!)
See things far aff an' things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb. — Wow! he can tell
(Spier at him soon he comes to himsel)
How soon we'll see Sir William? — Whisht, he heaves,
An' speaks out broken words like ane that raves.

Symon. He'll soon grow better. — *Elspa,* haste ye, gae
An' fill him up a tals of Usquebae.

Sir William starts up, and speaks

A knight that for a lion fought,
Against a herd of bears,
Was to lang toil an' trouble brought,
In which some thousands shares:

But now again the lion rears,
An' joy spreads o'er the plain;
The lion has defeat the bears;
The knight returns again.

That knight, in a few days, shall bring
A shepherd frae the fauld;
An' shall present him to the king,
A subject true an' bauld.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

He Maister Patrick shall be call'd.—

A' you that hear me now,

May well believe what I hae tald,

For it shall happen true.

Sym. Friend, may your spæing happen soon and weel?

But, faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd wi' the Deil

Totell some tales that fowks wad secret keep;

Or do ye get them tald you i' your sleep?

Sir Wil. Howe'er I get them, never fash your beard;

Not come I to redd fortunes for reward:

But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,

That a' I prophesy will soon appear.

Sym. You prophesying fowk are odd kind men!

They're here char ken, an' here that dinna ken

The whimpl'd meaning o' your unco tale,

Whilk soon will mak a noise o'er muir an' dale.

Glaud. 'Tis nae sma' sport to hear how *Sym.* believes,

An' tak's't for gospel what the spæman gives

Of flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate:

But what we wish we trow at ony rate.

Sir Wil. Whisht, doubtfu' carle, for, ere the sun

Has driv'n twice down to the sea,

What I hae said ye shall see done

In part, or nae mair credit me.

Glaud. Weel, be't sae friend; I'll sae naithing mair:

But I've twa sonfy lasses, young an' fair,

Plump ripe for men; I wish ye cou'd foresee

Sic fortunes for them—might bring joy to me.

Sir Will. Nae mair thro' secrets can I sift

Till darkness black the bent:

I hae but anes a day that gift;

Sae rest a while content.

Sym. Elspa, cast on the claiht, fetch butt some meat,

An' o' your best gar this auld stranger eat.

Sir Will. Delay a while your hospitable care;

I'd rather enjoy this ev'ning calm an' fair

Around yon ruin'd tow'r, to fetch a walk

W' you, kind friend, to hae some private talk.

Sym. Soon as you please I'll answer your desire.—

An', *Glaud*, you'll tak your pipe beside the fire;

We'll but gae round the place, an' soon be back,

Syne sup together, an' tak our pint an' crack.

Glaud. I'll out a while, an' see the young anes play:

My heart's still light, albeit my locks be grey. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Jenny pretends an errand hame;

Young Roger drops the rest

To whisper out his melting flame,

An' throw his lassie's breast

Behind a bush, weel hid frae sight they meet;

See, Jenny's laughing; Roger's like to greet.

Poor Shepherd!

Roger.

Roger and Jenny.

Roger. Dear Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let ;
An' yet I'm ergh, ye're ay sae scornfu' set.

Jenny. An' what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak ?
Am I oblig'd to guess what ye're to seek ?

Roger. Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I grein,
Baith by my service, sighs, and langing een :
An' I maun out wi't, tho' I risk your scorn :
Ye're never frae my thoughts baith e'en an' morn.
Ah ! cou'd I loe you less, I'd happy be ;
But happier far, cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jenny. An' wha kens, honest lad, but that I may ?
Ye canna say that e'er I said ye Nay.

Roger. Alack ! my frighted heart begins to fail
Whane'er I mint to tell you out my tale,
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,
Has won your love, and near your heart may lie.

Jenny. I loe my father ; coosin Meg I love ;
But, to this day, nae man my heart cou'd move.
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me :
An' frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

Roger. How lang, dear Jenny ?—sayna that again :
What pleasure can ye tak in giving pain ?
I'm glad, however, that ye yet stand free :
Wha kens but ye may rue, an' pity me !

Jenny. Ye hae my pity else, to see you set
On that whilk maks our sweetness soon forget.
Wow but we're bony, gude, an' ev'ry thing !
How sweet we breathe whene'er we kils or sing !
But we're nae sooner fools to gie consent
Than we our daffin an' tint pow'r repent :
Whan prison'd in four wa's a wife right tame,
Altho' the first the greatest drudge at hame.

Roger. That only happens whan, for sake o' gear,
Ane wales a wife as he wad buy a mare ;
Or whan dull parents bairns together bind,
Of diff'rent tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But love, true downright love, engages me
(Tho' you shou'd scorn) still to delight in thee.

Jenny. What sugar'd words frae wooers lips can fa' !
But girning marriage comes an' ends them a' .
I've seen wi' shining fair the morning rise,
An' soon the fleety clouds mirk a' the skies :
I've seen the silver spring a while rin clear,
An' soon in mossy puddles disappear.
The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile ;
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

Roger. I've seen the morning rise wi' fairest light,
The day unclouded, sink in calmest night ;
I've seen the spring rin wimpling throw the plain,
Increase an' join the ocean without stain.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may smile;
Rejoice throw life, an' a' your fears beguile.

SANG XIII. — Leith-Wynd.

Jenny. *Were I assur'd you'd constant prove,
You shou'd nae mair complain;
The easy maid beset wi' love,
Few words will quickly gain;
For I must own, now since you're free,
This too fond heart o' mine
Has lang, a black sole true to thee,
Wish'd to be pair'd wi' thine.*

Roger. *I'm happy now! Oh, let my head
Upo' thy breast reclined
The pleasure strikes me nearhand dead!
Is Jenny then sae kind?
O let me briz thee to my heart!
An' round my arms entwine!
Delytful thought! we'll never part!
Come, preys thy mou' to mine.*

Jenny. *Were I but sure you lang wad love maintain,
The fewest words my easy heart cou'd gain;
For I maun own, since now at last you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your company;
An' ever had a warmness in my breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.*

Roger. *I'm happy now! ow'r happy! hadd my heid —
This gush o' pleasure's like to be my deid!
Come to my arms, or strike me! I'm a' fir'd
Wi' wond'ring love! Let's kiss till we be tir'd.
Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the sun an' starns away,
An' ferly at the quick return o' day!
O Jenny, let my arms about thee twine,
An' briz thy bony breasts and hips to mine. [They embrace.*

Jenny. *Wi' equal joy my faster heart does yield,
To own thy well-try'd love has won the field.
Now, by these warmest kisses thou hast tane,
Swear thus to love me whan by vows made ane.*

Roger. *I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,
Or may the first ane strike me deaf an' dumb:
There shanna be a kindlier dawted wife,
Gif ye agree wi' me to lead y'ur life.*

Jenny. *Weel, I agree. Neist to my parent gae;
Get his consent: he'll hardly say you Nae;
Ye hae what will commend ye to him weel:
Auld fowks like them that wantna milk an' meal.*

SANG XIV. — O'er Bogie.

*Weel I agree, y're sure o' me;
Neist to my father gae;
Mak him content to gie consent;
He'll hardly say you Nae;*

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

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*For ye hae what he wad be at,
An' will commend ye weel;
Since parents auld think love grows cauld
Whare bairns want milk an' meal.*

*Shou'd he deny I carena by,
He'd contradict in vain:
Tho' a' my k'n had said an' sworn,
But thee, I will hae nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like those in high degree;
An' if you prove faithfu' in love,
You'll find nae fau't in me.*

Roger. My faulds contain twice fifteen furrow nowt;
As mony newcal in my byers rowt;
Five pack o' woo' I can at Lamma's sell,
Shorn frae my bob-tail'd bleaters on the fell.
Gude twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,
Wi' meikle care my thrifty mither made.
Ilk thing that maks a hartfom house an' tight,
Was ay her care; my father's great delight.
They left me a'; whilk now gies joy to me,
Because I can gie a', my dear, to thee.
An', had I fifty times as meikle mair,
Nane but my Jenny shud the samen skair.
My love an' a' is yours; now hadd them fast,
An' guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

Jenny. I'll do my best. But see, wha gangs this way?
Patie an' Meg. Besides, I mauna stay:
Let's steal frae ither now, an' meet the morn:
If we be seen, we'll dree a deal o' scorn.

Roger. To whare the saugh-tree shades the mennin pool,
I'll frae the hill come down, whan day grows cool:
Keep tryst an' meet me there; there let us meet
To kifs an' tell our loves: there's nought sae sweet:

SCENE IV.

*This scene presents the Knight an' Sym
Within a gallery o' the place,
Whare a' looks ruinous an' grim,
Nor has the Baron shown his face;
But, joking wi' the shepherd leel,
An' spiers the gate he kens fu' weel.*

Sir William and Symon.

Sir. W. To whom belongs this house, so much decay'd?

Sym. To ane that lost it, lending gen'rous aid
To bear the head up, whan rebellious tail
Against the laws o' nature did prevail.
Sir William Worthy is our maister's name;
Whilk fills us a' wi' joy, now he's come hame.

*(Sir William draps his masking beard;
Symon, transported, sees
The welcome Knight, wi' fond regard,
An' grasps him round the knees.)*

My maister ! my dear maister ! Do I breathe !
 To see him healthy, strong, an' free frae skaith !
 Return'd to cheer his wishin' tenants sight !
 To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight !

Sir W. Rise, faithful Symon, in my arms enjoy
 A place thy due, kind guardian of my boy.
 I came to view thy care in this disguise ;
 And am confirm'd thy conduct has been wise ;
 Since still the secret thou'st securely seal'd,
 And ne'er to him his real birth reveal'd.

Sym. The due obedience to your strict command
 Was the first lock ; neist, my ain judgment fand
 Out reasons plenty : since, without estate,
 A youth, tho' sprung frae kings, looks baugh an' blate.

Sir W. And often vain and idly spend their time
 Till grown unfit for action, past their prime,
 Hang on their friends ; which gives their souls a cast,
 That turns them downright beggars at the last.

Sym. Now weel I wat, Sir, ye hae spoken true ;
 For there's Laird Kytie's son, that's loed by few.
 His father steght his fortune in his wame,
 An' left his heir nought but a gentle name.
 He gangs about fornan frae place to place,
 As scrimp o' manners as o' sense an' grace,
 Oppressing a', as punishment o' sin,
 That are within his tenth degree o' kin :
 Rins in ilk trader's debt, wha's fae unjust
 To his ain family to gie him trust.

Sir W. Such useless branches of a commonwealth
 Should be lopt off, to give a state more health.
 Unworthy bare reflection. — Symon, run
 O'er all your observations oh my son :
 A parent's fondness eas'ly finds excuse ;
 But do not with indulgence truth abuse.

Sym. To speak his praise, the longest summer-day
 Wad be owr shorr, cou'd I them right display.
 In word an' deed he can fae weel behave,
 That out o' fight he rins afore the lave :
 An' whan there's e'er a quarrel or contest,
 Patrick's made judge, to tell whase cause is best ;
 An' his decree stands gude : — he'll gar it stand :
 Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand.
 Wi' a firm look an' a commanding way,
 He gars the proudest o' our herds obey.

Sir W. Your tale much pleases— My good friend proceed.
 What learning has he ? Can he write and read ?

Sym. Baith wonder weel ; for, troth, I didna spare
 To gie him at the school enough o' lair :
 An' he delysts in books ; he reads and speaks
 Wi' fowks that ken them, Latin words an' Greeks.

Sir W. Where gets he books to read, and of what kind ?
 Tho' some give light, some blindly lead the blind.

Sym. Whane'er he drives our sheep t' Edinb'ro Port,
 He buys some books o' hist'ry, fangs, or sport :
 Nor does he want o' them a rowth at will,
 An' carries ay a pouchfu' to the hill.
 About ane Shakespear, an' a famous Ben,
 He aften speaks, an' ca's them best o' men.
 How sweetly Hawthrenden an' Stirling sing ;
 An' ane ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,
 He kens fu' weel, and gars the verses ring.
 I sometimes thought he made ovr great a fraise
 About fine poems, histories, an' plays.
 Whan I reprov'd him anes, a book he brings :
 Wi' this, quoth he, on braes I crack wi' kings.

Sir W. He answer'd well ; and much ye glad my ear,
 When such accounts I of my shepherd hear :
 Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind
 Above a lord's, that is not thus inclin'd.

Sym. What ken we better, that sae findle look
 (Except on rainy Sundays) on a book ;
 Whan we a leaf or twa haff-read haff-spell,
 Till a' the rest sleep round as weel's oursel.

Sir W. Well jested, Symon. But one question more
 I'll only ask you now, and then give o'er.
 The youth's arriv'd the age when little loves
 Flutter around young hearts, like cooing doves :
 Has no young lass, with an inviting mien
 And rosy cheek, the wonder of the green,
 Engag'd his look, and caught his youthful heart ?

Sym. I fear'd the warst, but kend the sma'est part ;
 Till late, I saw him twa three times mair sweet
 Wi' Glaud's fair niece than I thought right or meet.
 I had my fears ; but now hae nought to fear,
 Since, like yoursel, your son will soon appear :
 A gentleman enrich'd wi' a' these charms,
 May blefs the fairest, best-born lady's arms.

Sir W. This night must end his unambitious fire ;
 When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.
 Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me ;
 None but yourself shall our first meeting see.
 Yonder's my horse and servant nigh at hand ;
 They come just at the time I gave command :
 Straight in my own apparel I'll go dres :
 Now ye the secret may to all confes.

Sym. Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee,
 There's nane can tell that isna downright me. [Exit Sym.

Sir William, solus.

Whene'er th'event of hope's success appears,
 One happy hour cancels the toil of years.
 A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,
 And cares evanish like a morning-dream :
 When wish'd-for pleasures rise like morning-light,
 The pain that's past enhances the delight.

These joys I feel (that words can ill express)
 I ne'er had known without my late distress.
 But from his rustic business and love,
 I must, in haste, my Patrick soon remove
 To courts and camps, that may his soul improve.
 Like the rough di'mond, as it leaves the mine,
 Only in little breakings shews its light,
 Till artful polishing has made it shine :
 Thus education makes the genius bright.

SANG XV. — Wat ye wha I met Yestreen.

*Now from rusticity and love,
 Whose flames but over lowly burn,
 My Gentle Shepherd must be drove,
 His soul must take another turn.
 As the rough di'mond, from the mine,
 In breakings only shews its light,
 Till polishing has made it shine :
 Thus learning makes the genius bright.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Scene describ'd in former page,
 Glau'd's onset. ---- Enter Maufe an' Madge.*

Madge. Our laird's come hame, an' owns young Pate his heir !

Maufe. That's news indeed !

Madge. ——— As true as ye stand there.

As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,
 Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard
 Five nieves in length, an' white as driv'n snaw,
 Amang us came, cry'd *Hadd ye merry a'.*
 We feily'd meikle at his unco look,
 While frae his pouch he whirled forth a book.

As we stood round about him on the green,
 He view'd us a', but fix'd on Pate his een ;
 Then pawkily pretended he cou'd spæ ;

Yet for his pains and skill wad naething hae,

Maufe. Then sure the lasses, an' ilk gaping coof,
 Wad rin about him, an' hadd out their loof.

Madge. As fast as fleas skip to the tate o' woo

Whilk flee tod Lowry hads without his mou,

Whan he, to drown them, an' his hips to cool,

In simmer-days slides backward in a pool.

In short, he did for Pate braw things foretelt,

Without the help of conjuring or spell :

At last, whan weel divered, he withdrew,

Pu'd aff his beard to Symon : Symon knew

His welcome maister : round his knees he gat,

Hang at his coat, an' syne for blythness grat.

Patrick

Patrick was sent for. Happy lad is he !
 Symon tald Elspa ; Elspa tald it me.
 Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon :
 An' tro-h-it's e'en right odd whan a' is done,
 To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell :
 Na, nae sae meikle as to Pate himsel !
 Our Meg, poor thing, alack ! ha' lost her jo.

Mause. It may be sae ; wha k ns ? an' maybe no.
 To lift a love that's rooted, is great pain :
 E'en kings hae tane a queen out o' the plain :
 An' whar has been before may be again.

Madge. Sic nonsense ! love tak roor, but tocher-gude,
 'Tween a herd's barn an' aye o' gentle blude !
 Sic fashions in King Bruce's days might be ;
 But siccan ferlies now we never see.

Mause. Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may gain.
 Yonder he comes ; an' wow but he looks fain :
 Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

Madge. He get her ! slaverin coof ! it sets him weel
 To yoke a plough whare Patrick thought to teel !
 Gif I were Meg, I'd let young maister see——

Mause. Ye'd be as dorty in your choice as he :
 An' sae wad I. But whisht, here Bauldy comes.

Enter Bauldy, singing.

*Jocky said to Jenny, Jenny, wilt thou do't ?
 Ne'er a fit quoth Jenny for my tocher gude ;
 For my tocher gude I winna marry thee.
 E'en's ye like, quoth Jocky, ye may let it be.*

Madge. Weel hilt, Bauldy ; that's a dainty sang.

Bauldy. I'll gie ye't a' ; its better than its lang.

[Sings again.]

*I hae gowd an' gear, I hae land enough,
 I hae seven oxsen ganging in a plough ;
 Ganging in a plough, an' linkan o'er the lee ;
 An' gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.*

*I hae a gude ha' house, a barn an' a byer,
 A peat-stack fore the door, we'll mak a rantin fire ;
 I'll mak a rantin fire an' merry full we be ;
 An' gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.*

*Jenny said to Jocky, Gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysel :
 Ye're a bony lad an' I'm a lassie free :
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.*

I trow sae. Lasses will come too at last,

Tho' for a while they maun their snaw-ba's cast.

Mause. Weel, Bauldy, how gaes a' ?

Bauldy. ——— Fa th, unco right.

I hope we'll a' sleep sound, but aye, this night.

Madge. An' wha's th'unlucky aye ? if we may ask.

Bauldy. To find out that is nae difficult task.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Poor bony Peggy, wha maun think nae mair
On Pate turn'd Patrick, an' Sir William's heir.
Now, now, gude Madge an' honest Maufe, stand be,
While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me :
I'll be as kind as ever Pate cou'd prove,
Less wilfu', an' ay constant in my love.

Madge. As Neps can witness and the bushy thorn,
Whare mony a time to her your heart was sworn.
Fy, Bauldy, blush, an' vows of love regard :
What ither lass will trow a mansworn herd ?
The curse of Heav'n hings ay aboon their heads
That's ever guilty o' sic sinfu' deeds.
I'll ne'er advise my niece sae grey a gate,
Nor will she be advis'd, fu' weel I wat.

Bauldy. Sae grey a gate ! mansworn ! an' a' the rest !
Ye lee'd, auld roudes ; an' in faith, had best
Eat in your words, else I sall gar you stand
Wi' a het face afore the holy band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand ? ye shevelling-gabbit brock !
Speak that again, an', trembling, dread my rock
An' ten sharp nails, that, whan my hands are in,
Con flyp the skin o' ye'r cheeks outowr ye'r chin.

Bauldy. I tak ye witness, Maufe ; ye heard her say
That I'm mansworn. I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye're witness too he ca'd me bony names,
An' shou'd be serv'd as a' his breeding claims.—
Ye filthy dog ! —

*[Flees to his hair like a fury. A stout battle.
Maufe endeavours to redd them.]*

Maufe. Let gang your grips : fy, Madge ! Howt, Bauldy,
leen :
I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen,
It's sae daft like——

[Bauldy gets out of Madge's clutches with a bleeding nose.]

Madge. —— It's dafter like to thole
An ethercap like him to blaw the coal :
It sets him weel, wi' vile unscrapit tongue,
To cast up whether I be auld or young !
They're aulder yet than I hae marry'd been,
An', or they dee'd, their bairns bairns hae seen.

Maufe. That's true : an', Bauldy, ye was far to blame, }
To ca' Madge aught but her ain christen'd name. }

Bauldy. My lugs, my nose, an' noddle find the same.

Madge. Auld roudes ! filthy fallow, I sall auld ye.

Maufe. Howt, na ; ye'll e'en be friends wi' honest Bauldy.
Come, come, shake hands ; this maun nae farder gae :
Ye maun forgie'm : I see the lad looks wae.

Bauldy. In troth now, Maufe, I hae at Madge nae spite :
But she, abusing first, was a' the wyte
O' what has happen'd, an' shud therefore crave
My pardon first, an' fall acquittance have.

Madge.

Madge. I crave your pardon, gallows-face ! gae greet,
 An' own your faut to her that ye wad cheat.
 Gae, or be blasted in your health an' gear
 Till ye learn to perform as weel as swear.
 Vow an' loup back ! Was e'er the like heard tell !
 Swythe, tak him Deil, he's owr lang out o' Hell.

Bauldy. [running off] His presence be about us ! Curst
 were he

That were condemn'd for life to live wi' thee. [Exit Bauldy.]

Madge. [laughing] I think I've tooz'd his harrigalds
 a wee ;

He'll no soon grein to tell his love to me.
 He's but a rascal that wad mint to serve
 A lassie sae he does but ill deserve.

Mause. Ye towin'd him tightly : I commend ye for't :
 His bleeding snout gae me nae little sport ;
 For this forenoon he had that scant o' grace
 An' breeding baith, to tell me to my face
 He hop'd I was a witch, an' wadna stand
 To lend him in this case my helping hand !

Madge. A witch ! How had ye patience this to bear,
 An' leave him een to see, or lugs to hear ?

Mause. Auld wither'd hands, an' feeble joints like mine,
 Obliges fowk resentment to decline :
 Fu' aft it's seen, whan vigour fails, then we
 Wi' cunning can the lack o' pith supplee.
 Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark ;
 Syne bade him come, an' we shud gang to wark.
 I'm sure he'll keep his tryft : an' I came here
 To seek your help, that we the fool may fear.

Madge. An' special sport we'll hae, as I protest.
 Ye'll be the witch, an' I sall play the ghaist.
 A linen sheet wound round me, like ane dead ;
 I'll cawk my face, an' grane, an' shak my head.
 We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
 A conjuring to do a lassie wrang.

Mause. Then let us gae, for, see, it's hard on night ;
 The westlin clouds shine red wi' setting light. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Whan birds begin to nod upo' the bough,
 An' the green swaird grows damp wi' fa'ing dew,
 While gude Sir William is to rest retir'd,
 The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspir'd,
 Walks throw the broom wi' Roger, ever leel,
 To meet, to comfort Meg, an' tak fareweel.

Roger. Wow, but I'm cadgie, an' my heart lowps light !
 O Maister Patrick, ay your thoughts were right.
 Sure, gentle fowk are farther seen than we
 That naithing hae to brag o' pedigree.
 My Jenny now, wha brak my heart this morn,
 Is perfect yielding, sweet, an' nae mair scorn.
 I spak my mind, she heard ; I spak again ;
 She smil'd ; I kiss'd, I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Patie. I'm glal to hear't. But, O, my change this day
 Heaves up my joy ! an' yet I'm sometimes wae.
 I've found a father, gently kind as brave,
 And an estate that lifts me boon the lave.
 Wi' looks a' kindness, words that love confest,
 He a' the father to my soul exprest,
 While close he held me to his manly breast.
 Such were the eyes, he said ; thus finil'd the mouth
 Of thy lov'd mother, blessing o' my youth !
 Wha set ovr soon. An' while he praise bestow'd,
 A down his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flow'd.
 My new-born joys, an' this his tender ale,
 Did, mingled thus, ovr a' my thoughts prevail ;
 That spee' hies lang my late-ken'd fire I view'd,
 While rush'g tears my panting breast bedew'd.
 Unusual transports made my head turn round,
 While I mysel wi' rising raptures found
 The happy son o' ane sae much renown'd.
 But he has heard ! — too faithful Symon's fear
 Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,
 Which he forbids. Ah, this confounds my peace ;
 While thus to beat my heart must sooner cease.

Roger. How to advise ye, troth, I'm at a stand ;
 But, we'r't my case, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

Patie. Duty an' (hasten) Reason plead his cause !
 But what cares love for reason, rules, and laws !
 Fixt in my soul, my shepherdess excels ;
 An' part o' my new happiness repels.

SANG XVI. Gin Kirk wad let me be.

Duty an' part o' reason
Plead strong on the parent's side,
Which love superior calls Treason :
The strongest must be obey'd.
For now, tho' I'm ane o' the gentry,
My constancy falsehood repels :
For change in my heart has no entry ;
Still there my dear Peggy excels.

Rogeh. Enjoy them baith. Sir William will be won :
 Your Peggy's bony : ye're his only son.

Patie. She's mine by vows an' stronger ties of love ;
 An' frae these bands nae fate my mind shall move.
 I'll wed nane else, thro' life I will be true ;
 But still obedience is a parent's due

Roger. Is not our maister an' yoursel to stay
 Among us here ; or are ye gawn away
 To London court, or ither far-af parts,
 To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts ?

Patie. To Edinb'ro straight to-morrow we advance,
 To London neist, an' afterwards to France ;
 Where I must stay some years, and learn—to dance,

An'

An' twa three ither monkey-tricks. That done,
 I come hame strutting in my red-heel'd shoon.
 Then it's design'd, whan I can weel behave,
 That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave
 For some few bags o' cash, that, I wat weel,
 I nae mair need than carts do a third wheel :
 But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,
 Sooner than hear sic news sall hear my death.

Roger. " They wha hae just enough can soundly sleep ;
 " The owrcome only fashes fowk to keep."

Gude Mr. Patrick, tak your ain tale hame.

Patie. What was my morning-thought, at night's the
 same :

The poor an' rich but differ in the name.
 Content's the greatest blis we can procure
 Frae boon the list : without it kings are poor.

Roger. But an estate like yours yields bra content
 Whan we but pick it scanty o' the bent.
 Fine claiths, soft beds, sweet houses, sparkling wine,
 Rich fare, an' witty friends whane'er ye dine ;
 Submissive servants, honour, wealth, an' ease :
 Wha's nae content wi' these is ill to please.

Patie. Sae *Roger* thinks, an' thinksna far amiss :
 But mony a cloud hings hov'ring o'er their blis :
 The passions rule the roast ; an' if they're sour,
 Like the lean ky, they'll soon the fat devour.
 The spleen, tint honour, an' affronted pride,
 Sting, like the sharpest goads, in gentry's side ;
 The gouts an' gravels, an' the ill disease,
 Are frequentest wi' fowk owrlaid wi' ease ;
 While ower the muir the shepherd, wi' less care,
 Enjoys his sober wish an' hale some air.

Roger. Lord, man, I wonder ay, an' it delights
 My heart whane'er I hearken to your flights.
 How gat ye a' that sense I fain wad lear,
 That I may easier disappointments bear.

Patie. Frae books, the vale o' books, I gat some skill :
 These best can teach what's real good an' ill.
 Ne'er grudge ilk year to ware some stanes o' cheese
 To gain these silent friends that ever please.

Roger. I'll do't ; an' ye sall tell me whilk to buy :
 Faith, I'll hae sic books, tho' I should sell my ky.
 But now let's hear how ye're design'd to move
 Between Sir William's will an' Peggy's love ?

Patie. Then here it lies :— His will maun be obey'd,
 My vows I'll keep, an' she sall be my bride ;
 But I some time this last design maun hide.
 Keep ye the secret close, an' leave me here ;
 I sent for Peggy : yonder comes my dear.

Roger. An' proud o' being your secretary, I ;
 To wyle it frae me a' the deils defy.

[Exit *Roger.*
Patie.

Patie. [*solus*] Wi' what a struggle must I now impart
My father's will to her that hadd's my heart?
I ken she loves; an' her fast soul will sink
While it stands trembling on the hated brink
Of disappointment. Heav'n support my fair,
An' let her comfort claim your tender care.
Her eyes are red —

Enter Peggy.

- - - - - My Peggy, why in tears?
Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears;
Tho' I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peggy. I darena think sae high. I now repine
At the unhappy chance, that madena me
A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.
Wha can, withoutten pain, see frae the coast
The ship that bears his a' like to be lost?
Like to be carry'd by some rover's hand,
Far frae his wishes, to some distant land!

Patie. Ne'er quarrel fate, whilst it wi' me remains
To raise thee up, or still attend these plains.
My father has forbid our loves, I own;
But love's superior to a father's frown.
I falsehood hate: come, kiss thy cares away;
I ken to love as weel as to obey.

Sir William's gen'rous: leave the task to me
To mak' strict duty an' true love agree.

Peggy. Speak on---speak ever thus, an' still my grief:
But short I dare to hope the fond relief.
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,
That wi' nice air swims round in silk attire:
Then I, poor me! wi' sighs may ban my fate,
Whan the young laird's nae mair my heartsome Pate!
Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest
By the blyth shepherd that excell'd the rest;
Nae mair be envy'd by the tattling gang,
Whan Patie kiss'd me whan I danc'd or sang;
Nae mair, alack, we'll on the meadow play,
An' rin, haff breathless, round the rucks o' hay,
As aft-times I hae fled frae thee right fain,
An' fa'n on purpose, that I might be tane;
Nae mair around the foggy-know I'll creep,
To watch an' stare upo' thee while asleep.—
But hear my voo ('twill help to gie me ease)
May sudden death, or deadly fair disease
An' warst o' ills, attend my wretched life,
If e'er to ane but you I be a wife!

SANG XVII. Waes my Heart that we shud sunder!

*Speak on, speak thus, an' still my grief;
Hadd up a heart that's sinking under
These fears, that soon will want relief
Whan Pate maun frae his Peggy sunder!*

*A gentler face an' silk attire,
A lady rich in beauty's blossom
(Alack! poor me!) will now conspire
To steal thee frae thy Peggy's bosom!*

*Nae mair the Shepherd (wha excell'd
The rest; whase wit made them to wonder)
Sall now his Peggy's praises tell!
Ah, I can die, but never sunder!
Ye meadows, whare we aften stray'd,
Ye banks, whare we war us'd to wander,
Sweet-scented rucks, round which we play'd,
You'll lose your sweets whan we're asunder!*

*Again, ah! sall I never creep
Around the knowe wi' silent duty,
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,
An' wonder at thy manly beauty?
Hear, Heav'n, while solemnly I voo,
Tho' thou shud be a wand'ring lover,
Throw life to thee I sall prove true,
Nor be a wife to ony ither.*

Patie. Sure, Heav'n approves; and be assur'd o' me;
I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee:
An' time, tho' time maun interpose a while,
An' I maun leave my Peggy an' this isle,
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,
If there's a fairer, e'er sall fill thy place.
I'd hate my rising fortune, shud it move
The fair foundation of our faithfu' love.
If at my foot were crowns an' sceptres laid,
To bribe my soul frae thee, delightfu' maid,
For thee I'd soon leave these inferior things.
To sic as hae the patience to be kings. —
Wherefore that tear? believe and calm thy mind.

Peggy. I greet for joy, to hear my love sae kind!
Whan hopes were sunk, an' nought but mirk despair
Made me think life was little worth my care,
My heart was like to burst; but now, I see
Thy gen'rous thoughts will save thy heart for me:
Wi' patience then I'll wait ilk wheeling year,
Dream thro' that night till my day-star appear;
An' a' the while I'll study gentler charms
To mak me fitter for my trav'ller's arms.
I'll gain on uncle Glaud; he's far frae fool,
An' winna grudge to put me throw ilk school,
Whare I may manners learn———

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

SANG XVIII. Tweed-Side.

Peggy.

Whan hope was quite sunk in despair,
 My heart it was gawin to break;
 My life appear'd worthless my care;
 But now I will save't for thy sake.
 Whare'er my love travels by day,
 Whare'er he lodges by night;
 Wi' me his dear image shall stay
 An' my soul keep him ever in sight,

Wi' patience I'll wait the lang year,
 An' study the gentlest charms;
 Hope time away till thou appear;
 So lock thee for ay in these arms.
 Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher degree in this life;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty, that's only skin deep,
 Must fade, like the gowans in May,
 But, inwardly rooted, will keep
 For ever, without a decay.
 Nor age, nor the changes o' life,
 Can quench the fair fire o' love,
 If virtue's ingrain'd i' the wife,
 An' the husband hae sense to approve.

Patie. . . . That's wisely said;
 An' what he warés that way shall be weel paid.
 Tho', without a' the little helps of art,
 Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart.
 Yet now, left in our station we offend,
 Me maun learn modes to innocence unkend;
 Affect aft times to like the thing we hate,
 An' drap serenity to keep us state;
 Laugh whan we're sad, speak whan we've nought to say,
 An', for the fashion, whan we're biythe, seem wae;
 Pay compliments to them we aft hae scorn'd,
 Then scandalize them whan their backs are turn'd.

Peggy. If this is gentry, I had rather be
 What I am still: but I'll be aught with thee.

Patie. Na, na, my Peggy, I but only jest
 Wi' gentry's apes; for still, amang the best,
 Good manners, gie integrity a breeze
 Whan native virtues join the arts to please.

Peggy. Since wi' nae hazard, an' sac sma' expence,
 My tad frae books can arber siccan sense,
 Then why, ah! why thud the tempestuous sea
 Endanger thy dear life, an' frighten me?

Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,
For watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

Patie. There is nae doubt but trav'ling does improve ;
Yet I wad shun it for thy sake, my love :
But soon as I've shook aff my landa't cast
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peg. Wi' ev'ry setting day an' rising morn
I'll kneel to Heav'n, an' ask thy safe return.
Under that tree, an' on the suckler brae,
Whare aft we wont, whan bairns, to rin an' play ;
An' to the hazle-shaw, whare first ye voo'd
Ye wad be mine, an' I as eithly trow'd,
I'll aften gang, an' tell the trees an' flow'rs
Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

SANG XIX. Bush aboon Traquir.

Peggy.

*At setting day an' rising morn,
Wi' soul that still jail love thee,
I'll ask of Heav'n thy safe return,
Wi' a' that can improve thee.
I'll visit aft the birken-bush,
Whare first thou kindly tald me
Sweet tales of love, an' hid my blush
Whilst round thou didst ensald me.
To a' our haunts I will repair ;
To greenwood, shaw, or fountain ;
Or whare the summer-day I'd share
Wi' thee upo' yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees an' flow'rs,
Frae thoughts unfeign'd an' tender,
By vows ye're mine. by love is yours
A heart that canna wander.*

Patie. My dear, allow me frae thy temples fair
A shining ringlet o' thy flowing hair ;
Which, as a sample of each lovely charm,
I'll aften kifs, an' wear about my arm.

Peg. Were't in my pow'r wi' better boons to please,
I'd gie the best I cou'd wi' the same ease ;
Nor wad I, if thy luck had ta'n to me,
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

Patie. I doubt it not ; but since we've little time,
To ware't on words wad border on a crime :
Love's saster meaning bet'er is exprest
Whan it's wi' kisses on the heart imprest.

[Here they embrace, and the curtain drops.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

See how poor Bauldy stares, like ane posselt,
An' roars up Symon frae his kindly rest!
Bare-legg'd, wi' night-cap, an' unbutton'd coat,
See the auld man come forward to the sot.

Symon. What want ye, Bauldy, at this silent hour,
Whan nature nods beneath the drowfy pow'r?
Far to the north the scant approaching light
Stands equal 'twixt the morning and the night.
What gars ye shake, an' glowr, an' look fae wan?
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stand.

Bauldy. O lend me soon some water, milk, or ale;
My head's grown giddy; legs wi' shaking fail:
I'll ne'er dare venture forth at night my lane!
Alack! I'll never be mysel again!
I'll ne'er o'erput it! Symon, O Symon! Oh!

[Symon gives him a drink.]

Symon. What ails thee, gowk! to mak so loud ado?
You've wak'd Sir William; he has left his bed;
He comes, I-fear, ill pleas'd: I hear his tread.

Enter Sir William.

Sir Wil. How goes the night? Does day-light yet appear?
Symon, you're very timeously afeer.

Symon. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your rest;
But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit oppress'd:
He's seen some witch, or wrestled wi' a ghaist. }

Bauldy. O ay! Dear Sir, in troth, it's very true;
An' I am come to mak my plaint to you.

Sir Wil. (smiling) I lang to hear't.

Bauldy. - - - Ah, Sir, the witch ca'd Maufe,
That wins aboon the mill amang the haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me wi' her art,
To gain a bony thrawart lassie's heart.
As she had trysted, I met wi'er this night:
But may nae friend of mine get sic a fright!
For the curs'd hag, instead o' doing me gude
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my blude!)
Rais'd up a ghaist or deil, I kenna whilk,
Like a dead corse, in sheet as white as milk.
Black hands it had, an' face as wan as death.
Upo' me fast the witch an' it fell baith;
Loos'd down my breeks, while I, like a great fool,
Was labour'd as I wont to be at school.
My heart out o' its hool was like to lowp;
I pithless grew wi' fear, an' had nae hope,
Till, wi' an elritch laugh, they vanish'd quite:
Syne I haff dead wi' anger, fear, an' spite,
Crap up, an' fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
Hoping your help to gie the Deil his due.
I'm sure my heart will ne'er gie ower to dunt
Till in a fat tar-barrel Maufe be brunt.

Sir Will. Well, Bauldy, whate'er is just shall granted be.
Let Maufe be brought this morning down to me.

Bauldy. Thanks to your Honour; soon shall I obey :
But first I'll Roger raise, an' twa three mae,
To catch her fast, ere she get leave to squeel,
An' cast her cantrips that bring up the Deil. [*Exit Bauldy.*]

Sir Will. Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid than hurt ;
The witch and ghost have made themselves good sport.
What silly notions crowd the clouded mind
That is, thro' want of education, blind !

Symon. But does your Honour think there's nae sic thing
As witches raising deils up throw a ring,
Syne playing tricks (a thousand I cud tell)
Cud never be contriv'd on this side Hell ?

Sir Will. Such as the Devil's dancing in a moor
Among a few auld women, craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and lowp
O'er braes and bogs, wi' candles in his doup,
Appearing sometimes like a black horn'd cow ;
Oft times like Bawty, badrans, or a sow ;
Then wi' his train thro' airy paths to glide,
While they on cats, or clowns, on broom-staffs ride ;
Or in an egg-shell skim outoe'r the main,
To drink their leader's health in France or Spain ;
Then oft by night, bumbaze hare-hearted fools,
By tumbling down their cupboards, chairs, and stools.
Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,
Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Symon. It's true enough, we ne'er heard that a witch
Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich ;
But Maufe, tho' poor, is a sagacious wife,
An' lives a quiet an' very honest life ;
That gars me think this hoblefshew that's past,
Will land in naething but a joke at last.

Sir Will. I'm sure it will. But see, increasing light
Commands the imps of darkness down to night.
Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

SANG XX. Bony Grey-ey'd Morn.

*The bony grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
And darkness flies before the rising ray ;
The heavy hind starts from his lazy sleep,
To follow healthfu' labours of the day,
Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow :
The lark and the linnet tend his love,
And he joins their concert, driving the plow,
From toil of grimace and pageantry free.
While fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.*

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD:

*Be my portion health and quietness of mind;
Plac'd at due distance from parties and state,
Where neither ambition nor avarice blind,
Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.*

SCENE II.

*While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
Wi' a blue hood Jenny binds up her hair;
Glaud, by his morning ingle takes a beak;
The rising sun shines mott'd thro' the reek;
A pipe his mou', the lassies please his ean,
An' now an' then his joke maun interveen.*

Glaud. I wiss, my bairns, it may keep fair till night,
Ye dinna use sae soon to see the light.

Nae doubt but ye intend to mix the thrang,

To tak your leave o' Patrick ere he gang.

But, do ye think, that now, whan he's a laird,

That he poor landwart lassies will regard?

Jenny. Tho' he's young Maister now, I'm very sure

He has mair sense than a ghr auld friends, tho' poor:

But yesterday he gae us mony a tug,

An' kil'd my coosin there frae lug to lug.

Glaud. Av, ay, nae doubt o't; an' he'll do't again:

But, be advis'd, his company refrain.

Before, he, as a shepherd, sought a wife,

Wi' her to live a chaste an' frugal life;

But now, grown gentle, soon he will forsake

Sic godly thoughts, an' brag o' being a rake.

Peg. A rake! what's that? Sure, if it means aught ill,

He'll never be't, else I hae tint my skill.

Glaud. Daft lassie, ye ken nought o' the affair:

Ane young an' gude an' gentle's unco rare.

A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame

To do what like o' us think sin to name.

Sic are sae void o' shame, they'll never flap

To brag how aften they hae had the clap!

They'll tempt young things like you, wi' youdith flush'd,

Syne mak ye a' their jest whan ye're debauch'd!

Be wary then, I say, an' never gie

Encouragement, or bourd wi' sic as he.

Peg. Sir William's vertuous; an' o' gentle blude;

An' mayna Patrick too, like him, be gude?

Glaud. That's true, an' mony genty mae than he,

As they are wiser, b'tter are than we;

But thinner sawn. They're sae puft up wi' pride,

There's mony o' them mocks ilk haly guide

That shaws the gait to Heav'n. I've heard, mysel,

Some o' them laugh at Doomsday, sin, an' Hell!

Jenny. Watch ovr us, Father! Hegh, that's very odd!

Sure him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God.

Glaud. Doubt! Why, they neither doubt, nor judge, nor
think,

Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, and drink.

But

But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
That Patrick to sic gaits will e'er be brought.

Peg. The Lord forbid ! Na, he kens better things.
But here comes aunt ; her face some ferly brings.

Enter Madge.

Mad. Haste, haste ye, we're a' lent for ower the gate,
To hear an' help to redd some odd debate
'Tween Maufe an' Bauldy, 'bout some witchcraft spell
At Symon's house : the knight sits judge himsel.

Gland. Lend me my staff. Madge, lock the outer door,
An' bring the lasses wi' ye ; I'll stap before. [*Exit Gland.*]

Mad. Poor Meg ! Look, Jenny, was the like e'er seen ?
How bleer'd an' red wi' greeting look her een !
This day her brankin wooer tak's his horse,
To strut a gentle spark at Edinb'ro crofs ;
To change his kent, cut frae the branchy plain,
For a nice sword an' glancing-headed cane ;
To leave his ram-horn spoons an' kitted whey
For gentle tea, that smells like new-won hay ;
To leave the green-sward dance whan we gae milk,
To rustle 'mang the beauties clad in silk.
But Meg, poor Meg ! maun wi' the shepherd stay,
An' tak what God will send in hodden-grey.

Peg. Dear aunt, what need ye fash us wi' your scorn ?
That's no my faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the daughter o' some laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd Patie o' the green :
Now, since he rises, why shud I repine ?
If he's made for anither, he'll ne'er be mine :
An' then, the like has been, if the decree
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

Mad. A bony story, trowth ! But we delay :
Preen up your aprons baith, an' come away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Sir William fills the twa-arm'd chair,
While Symon, Roger, Gland, and Maufe,
Attend, an' wi' loud laughter, hear
Dast Bauldy bluntly plead his cause :
For now it tell'd him that the taz
Was handled by revengefu' Madge,
Because he brak good-breeding's laws,
An' wi' his nonsense rais'd their rage.

Sir W. And was that all ? Well, Archbald, ye was serv'd
No otherwise than what ye well deserv'd.

Was it so small a matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest woman's name ?
Besides, your going about to have betray'd,
By perjury, an innocent young maid !

Bauldy. Sir, I confess my faut thro' a' the steps,
An' ne'er again fall be untrue to Neps.

Maufe. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me o' the score ;
I kendna that they thought me sic before.

Bauldy.

Bauldy. An't like your Honour, I believ'd it weel ;
 But trowth I was e'en dult to seek the Deil :
 Yet, wi' your Honour's leave, tho' she's nae witch,
 She's baith a slee an' a revengefu' b——h ;
 An' that my *some place* finds : but I had best
 Hadd in my tongue ; for yonder comes the ghaist
 An' the young bony witch, whase rosy cheek
 Sent me, without my wit, the Deil to seek.

Enter Madge, Peggy, and Jenny.

Sir W. [*looking at Peggy*] Whose daughter's she that wears
 th' Aurora-gown,

With face so fair, and locks of lovely brown ?
 How sparkling are her eyes ! what's this ? I find
 The girl brings all my sister to my mind !
 Such were the features once adorn'd a face
 Which death too soon depriv'd of sweetest grace.
 Is this your daughter, Glaud ? ———

Glaud. Sir, she's my niece ———

An' yet she's not — but I shud hadd my peace.

Sir W. This is a contradiction. What d'ye mean ?
 She is, and she is not ! Pray, Glaud, explain.

Glaud. Because, I doubt, if I shud mak appear
 What I hae kept a secret thirteen year——

Maufe. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir W. Speak on : I'm all impatience !——

Patie. - - - - - So am I ;

For much I hope, an' hardly yet know why.

Glaud. Then, since my maister orders, I obey :——

This bony fundling, ae clear morn in May,

Close by the lee-side o' my door I found,

A' sweet an' clea, an' carefully hapt round

In infant-weeds of rich an' gentle make.

What cud they be, thought I, did thee forsake !

Wha, warfe than brutes, cud leave expos'd to air

Sae much of innocence, sae sweetly fair !

Sae helpless young ! for she appear'd to me

Only about twa towmands auld to be.

I took her in my arms : the bairnie smil'd,

Wi' sic a look, wad made a savage mild.

I hid the story : she has pass'd sinfyne

As a poor orphan, an' a niece o' mine.

Nor do I rue my care about the wean,

For she's weel worth the pains that I hae tane.

Ye see she's bony ; I can twear she's gude,

An' am right sure she's come o' gentle blude :

O' whom I kenna. Naithing ken I mair

Than what I to your Honour now declare.

Sir W. This tale seems strange !——

Patie. - - - - - The tale delights my ear !

Sir W. Command your joys, young man, till truth appear.

Maufe. That be my task. Now, Sir, bid a' be hush :

Peggy may smile : thou hast no cause to blush.

Lang hae I wish'd to see this happy day,
That I might safely to the truth gie way;
That I may now Sir William Worthy name
The best and nearest parent she can claim.
He saw't at first, an' wi' quick eye did trace
His sister's beauties in her daughter's face.

Sir W. Old woman, do not rave; prove what you say;
It's dang'rous in affairs like this to play.

Patie. What reason, Sir, can an auld woman have
To tell a lie, whan she's sae near her grave?
But how, or why, it shud be truth, I grant,
I ev'ry thing that looks like reason want.

Omnes. The story's odd! we wish we heard it out.

Sir W. Make haste, good woman, and resolve each doubt.

[Maufe goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.]

Maufe. Sir, view me weel: has fifteen years so plew'd
A wrinkl'd face that you hae aften view'd,
That here I, as an unknown stranger, stand
Wha nurs'd her mither that now hadds my hand? —
Yet stronger proofs I'll gie, if you demand.

Sir W. Ha, honest nurse! where were my eyes before?
I know thy faithfulness, and need no more;
Yet, from the lab'rinth to lead out my mind,
Say, to expose her who was so unkind!

*[Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her
sit down by him.]*

Yes, surely thou'rt my niece! Truth must prevail:
But no more words till Maufe relate her tale.

Patie. Gude nurse, gae on; nae music's haff sae fine,
Or can gie pleasure like these words o' thine.

Maufe. Then, it was I that sav'd her infant life,
Her death being threaten'd by an uncle's wife.
The story's lang; but I the secret knew;
How they pursu'd, wi' avaricious view,
Her rich estate, of which they're now posses't:
A' this to me a confident confest.

I heard, wi' horror an' wi' trembling dread,
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed!
That very night, whan a' were sunk in rest,
At midnight hour the floor I softly prest,
An' staw the sleeping innocent away,
Wi' whom I travell'd some few miles ere day.
A' day I hid me: whan the day was done
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,
Till eastward fifty miles I reach'd these plains,
Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerful swains.
Then fear o' being found out, I, to secure
My charge, I laid her at this shepherd's door,
An' took a neighb'ring cottage here, that I,
Whate'er shud happen to her, might be by.
Here honest Glaud himsel, an' Symon may
Remember weel how I that very day

Frae Roger's father took my little crove.

Glaud. [with tears of joy happing down his beard] I weel remember't: Lord reward your love!

Lang have I wish'd for this; for aft I thought
Sic knowledge sometime shud about be brought.

Patie. It's now a crime to doubt. My joys are full,
Wi' due obedience to my parent's will.

Sir, wi' paternal love survey her charms,
An' blame me not for rushing to her arms:
She's mine by vows, an' wad, tho' still unknown,
Hae been my wife whan I my vows durst own.

Sir W. My niece, my daughter, welcome to my care,
Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair.
Equal with Patrick, now my greatest aim
Shall be to aid your joys and well-match'd flame.
My boy, receive her from your father's hand
With as good will as either would demand.

[*Patie and Peggy embrace, and kneel to Sir William.*]

Patie. Wi' as much joy this blessing I receive,
As ane wad life that's sinking in a wave!

Sir W. [*raises them*] I give you both my blessing: — May
your love

Produce a happy race, and still improve.

Peggy. My wishes are complete, my joys arise,
While I'm haff dizzy wi' the blest surprize!
An' am I then a match for my ain lad,
That for me so much gen'rous kindness had!
Lang may Sir William bless these happy plains,
Happy while Heav'n grant he on them remains.

Patie. Be lang our guardian, still our maister be;
We'll only crave what ye fall please to gie.
Th' estate be yours: my Peggy's ane to me.

Glaud. I hope your Honour now will tak amends
On them that fought her life for wicked ends.

Sir W. The base unnat'ral villain soon shall know
That eyes above watch the affairs below.
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

Peggy. To me the views o' wealth an' an estate,
Seem light whan put in balance wi' my Pate:
For his sake only I'll av thankfu' bow
For sic a kindness, (*To Sir William*) best o' men, to you.

Symon. What double blythness wakens up this day!
I hope now, Sir, you'll no haste soon away:
Sall I unsaddle your horse, an' gar prepare
A dinner for ye o' hale country fare?
See how much joy unwrinkles ev'ry brow!
Our looks hang on the twa, an' deat on you!
E'en Bauldy, the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
Fell Madge's taz, an' pawky Maufe's plot.

Sir W. Kindly old man, remain with you this day!
I never from these fields again will stray:

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

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Masons and wrights shall soon my house repair,
And busy gard'ners shall new planting rear;
My father's hearty board soon shall you see
Restor'd, and my best friends rejoice with me.

Sym. That's the best news I heard these twenty year!
New day braks up, rough times begin to clear.

Glaud. God save the king, an' save Sir William lang,
T'enjoy their ain, an' raise the shepherd's sang.

Roger. Wha winna dance? wha'll refuse to sing?
What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring!

Bauldy. I'm friends wi' Maufe; wi' very Madge I'm gree'd,
Altho' they skelpit me whan woodly fleid:
I'm now fu' blyth, an' frankly can forgive,
To join an' sing *Lang may Sir William live.*

Mad. Lang may he live! — an', Archbald, learn to seek
Your gab a wee, an' think afore ye speak;
An' never ca' her auld that wants a man,
Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.
This day I'll wi' the youngest o' ye rant,
An' brag for ay that I was ca'd the aunt
Of our young lady, my dear bony bairn!

Peggy. Nae ither name I'll ever for you learn.—
An', my gude nurse, how fall I gratefu' be
For a' thy matchless kindness done to me?

Maufe. The flowing pleasures of this happy day
Does fully a' I can require, repay.

Sir W. To faithfu' Symon, and, kind Glaud, to you
And to your heirs, I give in endless feu
The manens ye poss'is, as justly due,
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.
Mause, in my house, in calmnets close your days,
With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

Omnes. The Lord of Heav'n return your Honour's love,
Confirm your joys, an' a' your blessings roove.

Patie. [*presenting Roger to Sir William*] Sir, here's my
trusty friend that always shar'd

My bosom-secrets ere I was a laird.
Glaud's daughter, Janet (Jenny, thinkna shame)
Rais'd an' maintains in him a lover's flame:
Lang was he dumb: at last he spak an' won,
An' hopes to be our honest uncle's son:
Be pleas'd to speak to Glaud for his consent,
That hane may wear a face o' discontent.

Sir W. My son's demand is fair: Glaud, let me crave
That trusty Roger may your daughter have
With frank consent; and while he does remain
Upon these fields, I'll make him chamberlain.

Glaud. You crowd your bounties, Sir! what can we say }
But that we're dyvours, that can ne'er repay. }
Whate'er your Honour wills, I shall obey.

Roger,

Roger, my daughter, wi' my blessing, tak,
An' still our maister's right your bus'ness mak.
Please him, be faithfu', an' this auld grey head
Sall nod wi' quietness down amang the dead.

Roger. I ne'er was gude at speaking a' my days,
Or ever loed to mak ovr great a fraise;
But for my maister, father, an' my wife,
I will employ the cares of a' my life.

Sir W. My friends, I'm satisfy'd: you'll all behave
Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave,
Be ever virtuous, soon or late ye'll find
Réward and satisfaction to your mind.

The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild;
And oft, when hopes are highest, we're beguil'd.
Oft, when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn with joy dispels our care. —
Now, all's at rights, who sings best, let me hear.

Peggy. When you demand, I readiest shud obey:
I'll sing you ane; the newest that I hae.

SANG XXI. Corn-Riggs are bony.

*My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy;
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair an' ruddy:
His shape is handsome, middle size,
He's comely in his wauking;
The shining o' his een surprize;
It's heaven to hear him tauking.*

*Last night I met him on a barok,
Whare yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he spak,
That set my heart a glowing.
He kiss'd an' woo'd he wad be mine,
An' loed me best of ony:
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
O corn-riggs are bony.*

*Let lasses of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding were design'd,
We chastly should be granting.
Then I'll comply an' marry Pate,
An' syne my cockernony
He's free to touzle air an' late,
While corn-riggs are bony.*



